

Dream Train

Babylon A.D.

Well, come down with the other place
And make it to the city
Hear that train, that ole dream train

Sitting on a porch on a hot summer lazy day
Playing my guitar in that deep South Delta way
Just picking along looking out across the railroad tracks
Singing something 'bout a train to the city that'll never come back

There's that whistle blowing softly
Coming from miles away

Hear that train, that ole dream train
Hear that train, that ole dream train

Momma's in the kitchen making supper on an old gas stove
And daddy's on the couch drinking whiskey warming up his bones
And he can't find a job, 'cause the factories have all closed down
Yeah, but somehow, someday, he's gonna get out

There's that whistle blowing softly
Taking him far away

Hear that train, that ole dream train
Hear that train, that ole dream train

Dream train, miles away, dream train
All aboard!

Whoo!

Hear that train, that ole dream train
Hear that train, that ole dream train

Just chugging along, well, I can hear my train
(Hear that train)
Just chugging along, yeah, I can hear my train
(That ole dream train)
Just chugging along, well, I can hear my train
(Hear that train)
Just chugging along, just chugging along
(That ole dream train)

Dream train, miles away, dream train, miles away
Miles away, miles away, miles away...

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